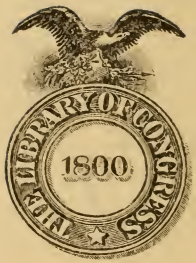
The Serpent
—OF—
Sugar Creek Colony.



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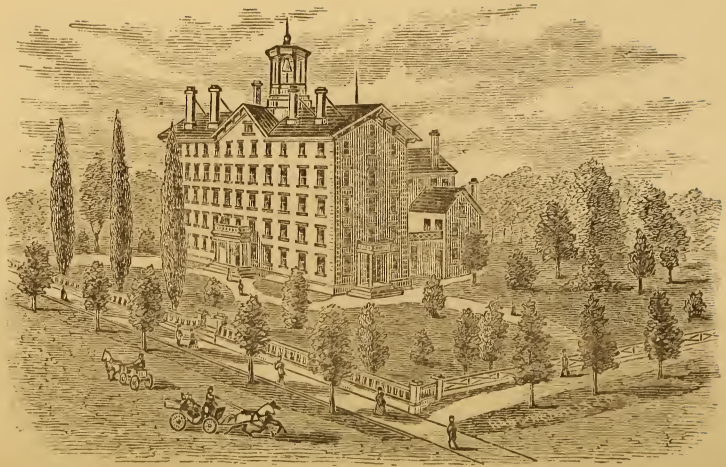

JENNINGS SEMINARY AND AURORA NORMAL SCHOOL.

THE SERPENT

OF

SUGAR CREEK COLONY,

A Temperance Narrative

OF

PIONEER LIFE IN OHIO.

BY REV. J. B. ROBINSON, D. D., PH. D.

Author of "Infidelity Answered," "Vines of Eshcol," "Emeline," "Commencement Record," &c., &c.

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TO

MY SAINTED FATHER AND MOTHER,

Two of the most amiable Christians
of the Life that now is;
and—next to DEITY—two of the most
thrillingly Pleasing Attractions,
because of
Anticipated Reunion and Eternal Association,
of the Life that is to come,
This Little Book
Is Reverently Dedicated,
by
THE AUTHOR.

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THE SERPENT OF SUGAR CREEK COLONY.

CHAPTER I.

Emigration.

"Good news, this morning, Kittie."

"What news, William?"

"From the Indian war; General Harrison has completely routed Tecumseh at Tippecanoe, and there is not a red-skin in fighting trim this side the Maumee."

"Too good. I suppose that will decide our colony to set out for our new Ohio home; won't it, William?"

"Yes. Uncle George is bent on going next spring. He is so enthusiastic about the new country, I think there will be four or five families in the emigrant train."

"But, William, won't it be sad to leave the dear old hills and mountain-tops of Virginia?"

"No, Kittie," he whispered, with an appreciative look; "not when you and I are to go together."

So spoke William Martin, and so replied Kittie Stark, about the middle of November, 1811, as they stood at Kittie's door, near one of the noted slopes of the Greenbrier mountain, in Virginia.

William and Kitty had grown up side by side into ripe Christian manhood and womanhood. The first of the new year they were to be made man and wife; and they expected their wedding tour would be a horseback ride next May, with the emigrants of several families, hundreds of miles, to the new settlement.

George Bond had been through the territory as a volunteer against the Indians, under General Wayne, in 1794. He could not cease to praise the vast waste of untold wealth; and purposed, when the country was safe from Indians, to carry his family to this Eldorado. His glowing accounts had also decided two or three of his neighbors to share his fortunes. Ohio had been admitted into the Union nearly ten years before. Settlements were no longer confined to the Ohio river, but had reached far up into the interior. The best of land could be had for a song, and thousands were leaving the exhausted Alleghanies for the new state.

"I will have no fears or regrets, William," she added, "with you as protector;" and the nuptial arrangements were completed that day.

CHAPTER II.

Across the Wilderness.

Thursday, January first, came; and a small, unpretentious, but enthusiastic company, gathered at the house of Samuel Stark, to witness the wedding of William and Kittie. The forms and ceremonies of old Virginia for six generations were followed, except that at the wedding dinner Samuel Stark dared to dispense with wine. It was a radical innovation of his own, but amounted almost to sacrilege in the eyes of some; for the custom was supposed to be sacredly established at Cana of Galilee. Yet no open expression was offered against the infringement, unless it was a mere remark of the youthful Andrew, a brother of the groom. After the excellent and ample dinner had been served, and the good wishes freely bestowed upon the new pair, the guests turned their conversation to the absorbing theme of the approaching emigration. Four of the principal families present pledged themselves to join the expedition. A few light wagons were to be loaded with the essentials; the greater portion of the party were to go by slow journey on horseback; and some choice stock was to be pushed on by the boys, who looked to the occasion as an exciting holiday.

An early spring opened, bearing vegetation forward a fortnight in advance. Sales were made of the immovable property; the old homes were deserted and the line of pilgrimage was on its way through the pass of the rich mountains down the Great Kanawha to Point Pleasant. A long line of sorrowing neighbors accompanied them through the pass; many tearful farewells were exchanged and the colony started down the valley. After numerous strange adventures and a journey of sixteen days along poor, but providentially dry roads, the families of George Bond, Samuel Martin and Samuel Stark reached their destination. Settlements, here and there, rapidly increasing, portended an early redemption of the forest. The soil and natural vegetation, now clothed in bloom and richness, captivated every one. After camps were improvised for immediate shelter they selected plantations in an unbroken forest. Martin chose a scope east of Sugar Creek, Stark directly to the east of Martin, and Bond to the south. Then they set to work to clear small spots, build cabins, plant truck and look to future improvements. Here our story properly begins.

CHAPTER III.

Pioneers.

Let us cover with silence the Sugar Creek settlement for a period of thirteen years. We break the silence in 1825. The boys and girls who composed most of that emigrant train of 1812 had become the heads of families. The young men had struggled with the ax and the maul until thrifty farms, well fenced and covered with golden grain, were opened around the hewed log cabins or the more pretentious frame. Little frame school-houses, with slab puncheon floors, proudly stood at the cross-roads as a pledge of future intelligence. The still larger chapel of frame, capable of holding two hundred and fifty worshipers, was the religious center of the whole neighborhood. What the chapel could not hold the shade of the walnut tree back of it would accommodate. Hard by the chapel was already planted a graveyard, with the most precious hopes of the settlement awaiting the resurrection. Down, for a score of miles, from numberless hills and bubbling springs poured little rivulets, which, collected into a perennial stream of some force, formed the famous Sugar Creek. It was always sweet and twittering in echo to the

birds which built their nests in the trees overhead. It meandered through a beautiful valley of its own, on and on, until it fed one of the tributaries of the Ohio. What would hinder this settlement from being a paradise?

CHAPTER IV.

The Entrance of the Serpent.

"David Devore, what are you meditating there?" hallooed William Martin to his neighbor. William was searching for his cattle and hearing the familiar bell down Sugar Creek, he merged out of the grove of pawpaws, which lined the clearing into the open valley farm of Devore. The latter was staking off a spot bordering the creek, meantime sighting a red flag which hung from a pole that had been driven into the swift eddy.

"What scheme now?" continued Martin. "That foundation is big enough for a mill."

"True," hesitated Devore. "There seems a great waste of water, and the fact is I have a mill in view."

"Indeed, David, glad to hear of the improvement; but what sort of a mill do you contemplate, grist or saw?"

"Well—I—neither. To tell the truth, friend

Martin. I have concluded to build a distillery on this spot."

"A distillery! I hope not, Devore. You do not intend to be sincere about this? Surely you are joking."

"Yes, a distillery."

"Good heavens, neighbor! you certainly do not intend to make whisky and endanger our settlement!"

"See here, Mr. Martin, is not this my own land?"

"Yes."

"Is not that farm to the east yours?"

"Yes."

"Do you consult me as to what or when you plant or plow, what stock you raise or where you market?"

"No."

"Why, then, may I not use my lands as I prefer and build a distillery if I choose?"

"Mr. Devore, would I have a right to put poison within the reach of all my neighbors, or sow their lands with the winged thistle, or shoot at random into a crowd of helpless people?"

"No; but I propose to do neither. I will build this distillery, buy your corn, fatten your hogs, give employment to many a poor man, ship my produce to the city, bring thrift and money into the settlement, and in so doing I shall be a benefactor."

"I fear the worst, neighbor, and I feel as sorrowful as death at the prospect. But I must be going. Good day, Mr. Devore."

"Good day, Mr. Martin."

William Martin hastened on toward the sound of the cow-bell, revolving many a sad reflection on the way.

"A mill, indeed," said he to himself; "yes! a mill to grind up souls, and families, and farms, and fortunes, and hopes, and happiness, between the upper and the nether millstones of a murderer's appetite for gold and the murdered man's appetite for liquor! Then he pretends to do this in the garb of a benefactor! claims to give the poor man employment! Yes, he will employ him at drinking poison and ruining family and reputation! He bring thrift into the settlement! yes, the thrift of weeds and vermin and carousals and death! God have mercy!"

Thus, before traversing the path a full mile to his own house, Martin had soliloquized, working himself into a righteous indignation. He was a man of scrupulous integrity, piety and hospitality. His older children, now about twelve, were at the impressible age, though he trusted they had already given themselves to God.

David Devore was an irreligious, though not an immoral man. He was regarded as a good neighbor, but he had an inordinate ambition to be rich.

CHAPTER V.

The Settlement in Consternation.

"It's awful," said old Ralph Stark to his brother Thomas, as they met and greeted, the next Sabbath morning, under the walnut tree back of the church. "It's awful," he continued, "right here in our nice little settlement to have a still-house!"

"A still-house!" ejaculated Thomas. "Who? Where?"

"David Devore is to build a distillery."

"David Devore! Who told you, Ralph? I can hardly believe that of him. It's too terrible."

"Who told me? Why, I had it this very moment at William Martin's. William saw Devore yesterday staking off the foundations." As the church was without a bell, the people would gather on a Sabbath morning long before service; and many a friendly greeting was exchanged by those strolling in. Such an opportunity for the diffusion of news, was, in those days, equivalent to the present weekly paper. The settlements all around would be heard from, if not directly by some enterprising visitor, at least by some one or another who

had been the rounds during the week.

"Did you hear the bad news, Mr. Ramscroft?" repeated Thomas, as the former hitched his horse and joined the group.

"What news?"

"Why, it is rumored that David Devore is about to build a still-house on Sugar Creek."

"That's no news," bluffly said Ramscroft; several of us advised him to the improvement; besides, why do you call it bad news; it's good news; it will make a market for our corn."

"Dear sir," said Ralph, "when our hogs eat the slop and our children drink the whisky, it will be bad enough."

"Humph! Mr. Stark, that is a blue view, a little sensational. Here, Adam Harvey, what think you of the new distillery?"

"Well," said Adam, "I fear the thing, but I suppose it will help the corn market."

"This way, men," said Ramscroft to a coming bevy of neighbors, "look here, David Devore is about to build a still-house."

"Is it possible?" replied a half dozen voices almost in concert.

"Yes," replied Harvey, "I shall be its nearest neighbor."

"We had better look out for our sons," piped in Abe Wyndam.

"Yes, and for the reputation of our settlement," added Elder King.

"Yes, and we may as well shut up our church," murmured old brother Bowdle, as he peered through his spectacles.

By this time several others had joined the group under the walnut tree.

"Let us first hear from Squire Andrew Martin," suggested some one.

"What is the question at issue, gentlemen," was the Squire's response.

"The new still-house of David Devore," the first speaker explained.

"Oh," said the Squire, flattered to be a select adviser, "if Devore deems it advisable to build it, and will pay his bills, I presume it is legitimate. Devore is a moral man, and no doubt, will conduct the establishment honorably and decently. What say you, Barclay?"

"Well, gentlemen, I have a large farm, and raise several hundred bushels of corn which has no near market. Indeed, I think nearly every man north of Devore's will support and defend the still-house."

Thus it was evident that the distillery would have some defenders. The whole neighborhood of men had in due time gathered without and the women within the church, all engaged in the absorbing topic of the new still-house. Finally the preacher came and the services were begun.

CHAPTER VI.

First Fruits.

In three months the whole region was invited to the raising of the distillery. There are obligations, in a new country, to mutual aid, in the log rollings, the corn huskings and the house and barn raisings, that people now, on their fine farms, with multiform machinery, could scarcely appreciate. At that time pioneers were, single-handed, quite unequal to these ponderous tasks. So, upon the day for the raising, nearly a hundred men gathered with pike-poles and hand-spikes, to rear the lofty bents of the new frame. Of course liquor must be furnished to those who desired it.

The "boss" carpenter first directed the sills and sleepers of the foundation to be fitted together and put in place. Then he had the men collect the suitable posts, ties, braces and plates for the first bent of the gable, and finally adjust all together. Then he commanded the men to fall in rank ready to raise this whole side or end, from the ground to a perpendicular. Then he made certain precautions and cried, "Ready men—heave—O heave," and up

came the bent to the shoulders. "Now your pike-poles—steady—heave—O heave!" and up higher went the bent, beyond the reach of the highest hands. "Once more, men—cautious, now—heave—O heave!" and up it crept, and the tenons of the corner posts fell exactly into the mortises, the braces were made secure, and all had a well earned breathing spell—and alas! a spell to drink, as Jimmy Barclay remarked, "so as to git strengthened." Then another and another bent went up, the top plates were fitted on, the rafters set in double comb and the danger was supposed to be over. But the whisky imbibed was to furnish a sort of first fruits of the coming harvest.

"Who can stand on the ridge pole?" bantered a reckless boy. "I"—"I," responded several. And in the midst of the gazing crowd, up they went.

"My head swims," cried out Sol. Gray, and it was with some difficulty he was piloted to the ground. "I can do it," shouted Mike Carder, as he cautiously crept up the slope. He was a little inspired by whisky, but yet he rose aloft and stood upon the ridge pole and the crowd shouted. Poor Mike became quickly unbalanced, staggered and fell to the ground and was crushed to a mass. Horror ran through the crowd. It was a sermon of awful warning. Nevertheless, Mrs. Carder was a widow, and her two babes orphans. Poor Mike was laid away in the grave-

yard near the chapel. But the still-house which had produced its first fruits must go on to its prolific harvest.

CHAPTER VII.

The New Corn-Market.

Two months later, June found the settlement covered with yellow wheat-fields and tender corn plants. The dog-fennel filled the lanes, the dandelion covered the meadows with its snowy down and the May-apple lent its fragrance to the wood. The apple-trees had already passed their flecked beauty and were showing the law of paternity, bearing up their half-grown fruit. But the clear mornings of June added another sound to the air which floated over the settlement. For two miles every way could be heard in the still morning, a dull croak, regular, but unmusical, like the rubbing of wheels and the creaking of machinery.

"What is that strange noise?" asked Sarah Dick of her husband one morning.

"That," said he, listening, "that is the music of the new still house; you must get used to that sound, wife. It's come to stay."

To those who would go and gaze on the structure, it appeared massive and commanding for those times. The friction of the wheels and croak of the

mash apparatus that arose up into a cupola, the overjet roof from the comb of the front gable which covered the hoisting pulleys, the mill-race which crept down through the meadow from Sugar Creek, and above all, the smoke of the fire always thickly rising from the high chimney like the smoke of a torment which ascendeth forever and ever, were novel sounds and sights for the neighborhood.

A yoke or two of oxen lolled around ready for duty and six or eight men were employed in the various drudgery of the premises. Two or three new cabins of the workmen began to cluster in the edge of the clearing, and the surroundings had the air of a far-west village just born. Among these tenants were Freeman Snooker and Davy Cabery, both having little families.

Jimmy Barclay was the first to dispose of his last year's corn to Devore. He had kept it in view of this market, and he secured the same price here as his neighbors had got twenty miles away. When Jimmy would bring his loads he would go below to witness the operations of Snooker, who superintended the stilling process. And they two had many a taste of the fresh whisky so as to pronounce upon its grade.

"This," said Jimmy, "is more delicious than the article I get at the county seat. Snooker you are a capital workman."

"Yes," replied Snooker, "by thunder, I learned my trade at the largest establishment on the river."

"Good," responded Jim, "to-morrow I'll bring my jug and take home some of this lot for my harvest hands; they'll think I've hit a spring. What a capital thing to have this improvement at our doors."

"Yes," answered Snooker, "in spite of the over pious meetin' folks—how I despise hypocrisy!"

"I guess we've got most of the settlement with us Snooker, howsomever. Even the meetin' folks are pleased, 'cept three or four and they dassent talk too loud. There's Squire Martin says he's 'ticlarly gratified. But, good-by, boss. I'll see you to-morrow." Barclay had tasted so freely and staid so long that it required the kindly help of Devore to get him seated in the bottom of his wagon. Once in the main road his noble horses, who drank no whisky, steadily walked the four miles home, while Barclay slept off his delirium.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fresh Yeast.

"Wife," said Squire Martin, one morning, "I think you could produce your bread with less difficulty if you had some yeast from the distillery."

"That I would be glad to do," she replied, "for this last grist makes flabby bread. Can we get yeast any time there?"

"Yes, any time in the early morning and Devore has kindly invited all the settlement to send in their tin-cups with their children for a supply."

"Clever, I declare; suppose we send Sam at once."

"Come here, Sammy," called Squire Martin to his eldest boy, now twelve. "Your mother wants you to go, Sammy, and get her some yeast from the distillery."

"Over to Devore's?"

"Certainly, take a tin-cup and go in below at the side door. Snooker will fill your tin."

"Shall I ride Charlie, father?"

"No, no, it's only a mile, you can soon cross the woods by the flazed trees."

Sam Martin was a manly, sensible boy, ready for

duty at a moment's notice. Having provided a tin for the yeast he was off across the cornfields, hallooing at the blackbirds which were flitting about for a breakfast at the expense of the farmers. When he reached the path at the strip of woods, he spied Johnny Haler from another direction converging to his road.

"Halloo, Johnny, where so early?"

"Halloo, yourself, I'm off for yeast."

"And I, too: As I'm alive, yonder comes cousin Jake Martin. Ha, ha, Snooker will think we have a wholesale bakery."

Soon Jacob joined the others.

"Boys," said Johnny Haler, "did Snooker ever ask you to taste his new whisky when you went for yeast?"

"Yes siree," said Sam, "he is as clever as can be, says it will do no harm—a little you know—I think he knows—I just took a sip one day."

"Did you like it?" asked Jake.

"No, it burned, but Snooker says one can soon learn to take it."

"Well boys," added Johnny, "if Snooker asks us to taste to-day, lets have a drop for fun."

"We must take care," interposed the prudent Jacob; "we might get drunk like Barclay does."

"Yes, pap gets drunk sometimes," added Sam, "but he's dreadful 'fraid for me to touch whisky—says he does wrong, but says I must never drink."

Just then the boys merged out of the wood near

their destination in time to see three or four other boys and two girls starting home in another direction with a supply of yeast, for word had gone the rounds that Devore was anxious to accommodate his friends and Snooker would kindly fill the tins. The three boys soon had their allowance skimmed off the cooking mash, and sure enough Snooker said:

"Boys do you want to see the still and the mash and the whisky?"

"Yes," they all replied.

"Then this way—follow me—that is where we heat the ground corn—that big tub is where we leave it to work—that twister is the worm—when we heat up, the whisky begins to come out by this worm and drops into this tub as you see—will you have a taste boys?—it's right fresh."

So saying he scooped out a ladle full and passed it to the shy boys. Each took a swallow to see what it was like, and Johnny took a heavy swallow. By and by all started on the return. In the woods Johnny began to show evident symptoms of intoxication. Sam knew the symptoms from frequent observation on his own father. The other boys took care of his tin, while Johnny had the freedom of the forest. They were ashamed to let him reach home in that condition, hence they all lay down on the leaves where a half hour's sleep sobered the unfortunate boy. Thus these children of religious parents had been sent into temptation and one of them fell.

Squire Martin at Home.

CHAPTER IX.

Harvest.

The first of July brought wheat harvest to the settlement. The paid hands must needs have one custom always complied with—a jug of whisky must be present and accessible in every field where they labored. No whisky, no labor. Good men even yielded to the inevitable with reluctance, and often with remonstrance, but nevertheless the ripe grain must be harvested and the laborers must be conciliated. So Devore's whisky had quite a home consumption during harvest.

It was the duty of boys in harvest to carry water and gather sheaves. And at the end of the shock-rows, when they reached the cool retreat where the water and the whisky were stored, many a poor boy has had his first temptation to drink in the fence corner when the men were at work in some remote spot. In those days of over half a century ago, the idea of abstinence was too radical and unpopular to be boldly averred. Men would be accused of restricting human liberty who dared to remonstrate with the drinker or seller. The sober only laughed at their

neighbors who had an over dose; and yet it was everywhere socially obligatory to care kindly for the intoxicated until their paroxysm had passed. With such a public sentiment of apathy and the morbid view of certain classes that it was manly and independent to drink, it was to be expected that drunkards would be made and the youth corrupted. Women viewed the dangers with more gravity than men. Indeed a few mothers, blessed almost with prevision, had dark forebodings for their sons and anxious fears for their husbands. Soon after harvest their expressions had full ventilation at a quilting party at Granny Martin's. This was the mother of Jacob and William. The old people had always retained Andrew, the 'Squire, upon the home farm as their helper in age.

Women speak more from impulse and affection; men more from judgment and policy. Woman is generally right in her convictions, though she may be unable to analyze her reasons; man is often wrong in spite of his logical conclusions; so often does practice contradict theory.

All the women in the neighboorhood were invited to the quilting and none were absent. Many a child accompanied its mother and was turned loose to sport on the sloping lawn that led down to the fine, cold spring and the brook near it. Many a young Miss came tripping along to carry the baby and see Grandmother, and get some of the early apples from the old orchard.

The matrons in caps, after salutations, were assigned places around the quilt. Thus while their hands industriously plied the needle, their tongues were relieved of the accumulating reflections of many days.

CHAPTER X.

The Quilting-Party.

The quilt had scarcely received its first stitches when the enterprise of Devore was brought forward.

"Grandmother," said Aunt Patsy Stark, "what do you think of the new still-house?"

"Think! Patsy; I've been gloomy ever since it began."

"But they say corn never was so good a price," interposed Mrs. Cabery.

"Oh," added another, "I would rather live in poverty than get rich at such a price."

"The thread, if you please," nodded Mrs. Wyndham.

"Yes, indeed," put in Mrs. 'Squire Martin, whose husband had begun to drink publicly at the raising of the distillery—"yes, indeed, the prospect nearly kills me."

"I learn Snooker treats all the boys and girls," squeaked Sally Bowser; "my Eliab can't go any more for yeast."

"My boys have been for yeast often," explained Kittie Martin, "but I have charged them never under

any circumstances to taste the whisky for Snooker; I think they mind, too."

"Some day, some of us will be glad to hide in the grave from that still-house," solemnly added Aunty Barclay, looking over her spectacles and talking until her thread broke.

"So I'm afeard," nodded Ann Haler.

"I must tell you my dream the other night, and I'm afeard it's prophecy," ejaculated Mrs. 'Squire Martin with a sigh.

"Certainly, Aunt Tilly, tell it," quickly replied several.

"Well," continued she, "I dreamed of a fine spring of clear water in a valley. In the middle of the spring was a barrel of biled cider, thick and temptin'. I jest stepped over the water upon the edge of the barrel and dipped out a drink of cider which was very good. But quicker'n nothin' the cider began to bile up and run down the valley until it was a big river like the lava of a volcano. I had backed out up the hill out of its way. But jest then I tho't of the school-house down the valley and looked that way. The children were scattered down there in awful fright. Some on 'em was swallowed up and drowned in the river of cider, and some on 'em was up the hill safe. Now, what du you think of that dream?"

"Dear me, Aunt Tilly," replied Mrs. Barclay, "that, 'pears to me like prophecy—that's jest what

biled cider will lead to—first cider, than whisky, then destruction."

"I've often, often, tho't of that, Susan," remarked Grandmother Martin. I b'lieve there's lots of meanin' in dreams." They all agreed.

"Yes, so do I," interposed Mrs. Davis, "and I b'lieve that the moon tells us jest what kind of luck we'll hev fur that month. If you see it over your right shoulder, you'll hev good luck, if you git it over your left, you'll hev it bad, if you git it right square in front, you'll hev it mixed. I've proved that, and so has my mother and her mother." All agreed with reverence to these functions of the moon, when old Mrs. Brock continued—"Yes, and I'll tell you another thing, I b'lieve in killin' hogs and plantin' corn and garden truck when the moon is in the right sign, and I don't b'lieve in weanin' calves when the sign of the zodiac is in the chist. I've tried all these signs in my time. These learned folks laugh at us, but it can't do no harm to hev the sign on your side of the question."

"That reminds me, Hanner," remarked Sallie Ramscroft, "that reminds me of my old man's wisdom once, about twenty years ago. He planted his potatoes in the light of the moon; I told him better, but the potatoes hain't come up yet." All laughed at this wit.

"But can nothing be done with the still-house?" interrupted one of the women.

"Nothing at all," answered Grandmother Martin,

"Devore has done what the law permits and the sentiment of the settlement does not condemn him."

Thus with little else of conversation the day was passed exchanging views about the still-house, and in all the group of noble women not one advocate of the distillery was found.

CHAPTER XI.

The Corn-Husking Party.

"You are invited to our corn-husking next Tuesday night," echoed Eben Snell, across the field to Peter Hick who was gathering corn.

"Will the Devore boys be there?" asked Peter in return.

"To be sure," cried the other.

"Then I'll come," replied Peter.

It was an early custom in central Ohio during October and November to pull the corn in its husk, carry it into a vast heap near the crib and invite the neighborhood to join in a public corn-husking by night, closing all with a supper. Whisky was not unusual, and as the jug was passed from man to to man, it was telescoped to successive lips, and draughts measured only by the will or the appetite were imbibed "to expel the cold night air," as they claimed. The nearness and cheapness of Devore's whisky lent popularity to the custom on Sugar Creek. At the right season one after another would have the huskings until often each night of a whole week was appropriated.

Finally as aforesaid it came the turn of Isaac Snell. It was a bright moonlight night and a large gathering was made. It was the custom for the lads to carry off the husks, storing or stacking them for the winter food of cattle. The gay laugh or shout of the industrious circle at some wit or story relieved the tedium. Often the pile was divided and the people also, and a vigorous and exciting husking match would result. On this occasion, to conciliate the Devore crowd, two of them, David Cabery and Wash. Hood, were made Captains. There are certain grades in society but each is molded, after all, by the circumstances of birth and culture and those daily influences which, admitted into our lives, fashion them. So this settlement had its roughs. Such were these Captains. Each had taken a dram in advance, and soon after the husking began, the Captains felt the effects of their whisky. Under the guise of rousing their men to victory they filled the air with hoodlum yells and profanity. Others quieted them a season. Soon, however, Cabery cried out, "Wash., you lie," and instantly Hood, who was a man of physical power, struck his rival on the jaw, knocking out a tooth and inducing a profusion of blood. Before those nearest could interpose, Cabery who made up in activity what he lacked in size, returned the blow upon the eye of Hood, completely closing it with swelling and pain. Then they were separated. "There," remarked William Martin, "is more of Devore's benevolence."

CHAPTER XII.

The Log-Rolling Party.

There is nothing to-day in the memory of the old settlers of Ohio that awakens so much genuine enthusiasm as the scenes of the log-rolling of other days. The first two generations exhausted much of their strength in cutting down the great timber, laying bare the soil, tearing up the stumps, fencing the fields and building the fine frame or brick houses that stood ready for the third generation. Then the fight with rude nature was hand to hand, for no machinery aided except the wagon, the ax, the handspike, the spade and the plow. During the winter the farmer and his sons would chop down the great, old trees of the "deadening," burn the brush, maul up the rail-timber, take the saw-logs to the mill upon the sled and save the choice of the wood for home use. But the great residue of trees, large and small, crooked and straight, were an encumbrance. These were chopped off in lengths of twelve or fifteen feet to await the spring log-rolling. A "good time" was expected on such occasions. Not only the men came from far and near

to do the work, but many of the women came also to aid in preparing a substantial and tempting dinner. The day's labor of heaping up the logs of ten or twenty acres into convenient heaps for burning was a work both exhausting and severe. Of course most of the laborers must be "strengthened" by whisky. Sugar Creek settlement was especially inclined to these customs of the log-rolling. One case may illustrate.

Adam Hales and his boys had chopped a vast scope and invitations were out for the rolling, April 4, 1826. At eight o'clock fifty men besides boys were gathered and off for the clearing. At its border a halt was called.

"I nominate Frank Russell and James Scorsby for Captains," shouted Jacob Arland. Several seconds were offered and the captains were elected. These in turn divided the men into two groups.

"Now, men," proposed the ambitious Captain Russell, "if Scorsby agrees, I suggest that we take all the clearing south of those two red-oak trees, and the others shall have all north of the oaks. What say you, Scorsby?"

"That is about fair; I agree. Now, I further propose that the winners are to be treated to-night at the expense of the losers."

"Agreed," cried Russell and his men. As usual in such cases less than a majority voted full and loud, making it appear that it was unanimous. But the quiet majority were there for business and

for, at least, moderation in drink. But courtesy to public opinion demanded that the brown jug be freely accessible upon the grounds. Champion lifters were generally drinkers, and a kind of mock heroism in notoriety was accredited for giant strength, because they could drink and lift inordinately.

"Now, men," commanded Captain Frank, "swing around that second cut to the next—Jim, you manage the skid—that's it—there; now, you men, wheel this but-end over that pole—now swing her on top—that's it—now sidle up that fork—there—now, men, top it out with the big limbs—there that will burn like tinder—now, men, to this old walnut next."

Thus two or three hours swung glibly by with many a joke, and lift, and whoop and halloo of the two companies.

"Now, men," said Captain Frank, "we've done well—we'll beat the other crowd—let's have a drink." The jug soon lost half its contents. The quantity drunk was in very unequal proportions. Some, indeed a great many, drank only water from the well-sweep; others drank a mixture of whisky and water, and still others, only whisky. By noon, four men from one company and five from the other were rolling or sleeping upon the leafy spots, like the logs beside them. A few others were recklessly foolish from liquor, and at least two or three fights occurred among the intoxicated. Fighting was a

manly code of honor to which drinkers generally subscribed in their moments of over joyful delirium.

"There, men," cried Captain Frank, as they settled the last chunk of their task, "there, we are victorious."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" echoed they all, and then Captain Russell and his men assisted Scorsby's to complete their part. Then after a more general "hurrah" the majority went straightway homeward, the losers paying a few cents forfeit each, to treat the few who claimed the wager.

A messenger was dispatched to Devore's with a keg, and soon returned to the waiting group. What transpired from the inspiration of that keg no man could adequately paint. Hideous howls and frequent fights at length gave way to exhausted stupor. Most of the crowd reached home that night. One had lost an eye, another had dislocated a wrist. One whole day did not recover the fallen, nor did twenty lives, perhaps, ever obliterate the sin and carousals of that day and night. Thus, year after year, the settlement lived under the sway of Devore's distillery.

CHAPTER XIII.

Strides of Improvement.

Reader, the scenes and customs of the previous chapters were repeated over and over for eight years until we reach 1833. Old Grandfather Martin had passed away from under the roof of his son, 'Squire Martin, to the chapel graveyard; also Eliab and George Stark and many others slept in the same city of the dead. The Sugar Creek settlement had been emarginated upon every side with other settlements, the highways had become passable, villages were growing up here and there and the fine farms were surrounded with a degree of comfort. The Sugar Creek settlements, however, had grown in very different proportions. West of the Creek and northward was no religious society. From the distillery as a center emanated the only inspiration which grew up with the children and molded the families. The boys who had gone for yeast from the western sections eight or nine years before had become so familiar with the distillery that it was their chief resort. They could all box and fight without rivals,

and when they combined against another neighborhood the Devore crowd were a terror.

True, poor old Snooker had tasted too much of his own poison; and so, once he reeled and fell into one of the hot vats of slop, head first, and when found some minutes afterward, he was not only dead but cooked and falling to pieces. True too, the whole neighborhood had become familiar with the six-horse team of Cabery, who started for the city market, every Monday morning, with twenty-five or thirty barrels of whisky. Cabery was an important personage. First he was the exponent of a six-horse power; then he was something like an oriental traveler of the present day who brings home the wonders of the East. For, did he not visit the city mart weekly and bear home the latest news which none of his neighbors could afford to do? And did he not carry a whip-stock and lash which secured for his team the full road from any and all vehicles? Then, were there not in his wagon thirty barrels of the superstitious alchemy which was loved and venerated by some and feared by others?

But be it said to the credit of the eastern part of the Sugar Creek settlement that they had a far different center by the year 1833. The little frame Church one mile and a half east of Devore's had stood and prospered in all its integrity. There were the Martins all around it, closly related; there were the Starks, a numerous tribe; and there were the Barclays still east of them, no less numerous. These

large groups were closely related by frequent intermarriages. They were often accused, perhaps justly, of a vast amount of clannishness and love of their own. But they were very good and clever people, hospitable neighbors, and had a reputation for respectability and fair dealing. They were mostly communicants at the frame Church and this was doubtless their strong fortress. Most of them lived in religious propriety. This arrayed them as a community, in direct opposition to the influences of the distillery. Their ideas and distrust of whisky were growing into an antagonism against Devore which the next generation might find potent. Of course, individuals over-leaped the sentiments of the clan and the Church and lived in full sympathy with the whisky-traffic.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Sunday School Started.

"I suggest, Brethren,"—began Pastor Young of the Sugar Creek Church, one day as he arose in the business meeting—"I suggest that the time has come when we ought to start a Sunday School. These schools are becoming common and are deemed valuable where carried on."

"A Sunday School!" quickly interrupted Brother Mills, "I'm afeard that is going too far—to have school on Sunday!—that's too much like work."

"But then, Brother Mills," replied the Pastor, "has not reached a correct view. The Sunday School is for moral instruction. It does for the young people what the Church does for the old ones. The Bible is the only book used in it."

"O well, then," replied Brother Mills, "if that's the book, and the work, let's have a Sunday School."

After this discussion there was no objection further in official circles, yet a very few still regarded it as an innovation and closely related to the secular schools of the week. Yet prejudice yielded and it

was finally agreed to give it a trial and begin the school on the first Sabbath of May; because, as sister Wyndham wisely intimated, the boys and girls would all have their new thin clothes by that time.

The morning of Sabbath, May 4th, 1833, came, with a blue sky, a warm sun and an atmosphere loaded with the sweet breath of the peach and the apple blossom and the garden flowers. Nine o'clock found an eager group of children about the Church door and many parents who came early to have a stroll in the graveyard and to talk the news. The Pastor was present to inaugurate the new movement. Deacon William Martin was made first superintendent and from the start his name gave character and security to the enterprise. When Deacon Martin, now over fifty years of age, lent his sanction and talent to an enterprise, such were his integrity, piety and sense, that all men without debate would concur.

Some of the children had brought their Spellers and Readers, never dreaming that any innovation could forestall or improve upon these venerable books. Pastor Young announced that the Testament would be the text-book for all, and that he desired the school classified by ages and sexes, while the elder men and women were to be teachers.

After much chaos, the older people were drawn up on the front seats, the men on the right, the women on the left; then next behind these came the younger men and women; then came the next in age, and so

on back until the infants formed the rear line. This arrangement was deemed fitting because it graduated the honors of age. Grandmother Martin was made teacher of the infant class of girls, while Thomas Stark was given the infant boys. Deacon Martin lined out the hymn,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne," etc.,

and then "pitched the tune" to Old Hundred. Beginning with such a standard hymn was a stroke of policy of fortune which quieted the last vestige of prejudice against the Sabbath School, and the most fastidious regarded it as an enterprise sufficiently pious for a Sabbath-day.

"And now," said Pastor Young, "let every teacher invite his pupils to commit from the Testament as many verses as possible. It will be a new field for youthful ambition with a vast hope of future fruit."

"Further," continued he, "you teachers shall all have special little question-books which are now in print and they will contain the exact answers to each question. So that with these new helps any person, well disposed and a good reader, can be the teacher of a class."

Many persons regarded this Sabbath School and the Church as the first and most hopeful antidote to the influences of the distillery.

CHAPTER XV.

The Four Corners, a Second Curse.

"Did you hear of the new rowdyism, William?" asked John Haler of his neighbor Martin.

"No, John, what now?" he replied.

"Sugar Creek is to have another curse or rather a branch of the old one. The Devore boys have agreed to establish a branch, two miles north at the four corners, for frolic and mischief."

"This is to be a new growth of the still-house?"

"Yes; the boys of that neighborhood are to spend their evenings at the corners out in the open air or rather in the woods, and some one is always to furnish whisky for the crowd."

The spot alluded to was the crossing of two well known roads. Three angles of the four had cleared fields, but on the fourth angle was a thick timber. This timber soon took notoriety as the evening rendezvous of this north end of the settlement. It was understood, when two or more were congregated at the "four corners," that some one at least would have a bottle of Devore's best whisky to offer free to all. If the weather demanded it, a log-fire would

be kindled. Near the corners lived Wash. Hood who possessed a bass drum and invariably headed gangs that went near and far by night to "bell" newly married pairs. Hence the leader was called Captain Hood. About nine o'clock on the evening of a wedding, the drum could be heard miles away beating at the "four corners." After an hour of silence, a column, two abreast, of fifty to one hundred men and boys, would suddenly appear before the very door of the wedding festivities, and as suddenly would announce their advent by filling the air with drum, fife, horns, tin-pans, bells and other sonorous bodies in every conceivable clatter. It was then the province of the master of the house to treat Captain Hood's band with what they could eat or drink, whisky being always the most acceptable. Then the band, if well used, would march back to the corners and carouse for hours; but if slighted, woe to the carriage-wheels of the guests and the manes and tails of their horses! Mischief and damage would certainly be perpetrated. These rude respects of the old time may be the germ of the modern serenade.

Often the "four corners" were redolent with the smell of roasting chickens, and somebody's hen-roost would be found mysteriously decimated of its choicest pullets. The carousals that attended these bacchanals may be poorly imagined. The hideous screams, screeches, howls, profanity and loud, prolonged huzzas emanating nightly from the

"four corners" could but suggest some Indian war-dance. Then the corners became the favorite resort for Sabbath-day. Delegations would come over from the still-house and still others from the north. Plots and plans were laid to interrupt the church services on Sabbath-night. For when the "four corners" boys came in a body and sat contiguously at the evening service, some perhaps intoxicated, there was sure to be trouble. When it was known that the "four corners" had a fresh fight and an unusual carousal, Deacon Martin would say, "there is more of Devore's benevolence."

If a prosecution was made before 'Squire Martin, the outlaws would have the advantage; not by the 'Squire's wish or wisdom, but by his own self-condemnation as a moderate drinker they would expect mitigation from his self-rule of consistency. In spite of law, his own shortcoming made the standard by which he must judge others.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Fourth of July Celebration.

"I move, Mr. Chairman, that this settlement have a Fourth of July Celebration." So spoke 'Squire Martin at a meeting called in June to consider this object. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

"I move, sir," said Mr. Ramscroft, "that the chair appoint a committee to secure grounds and an orator and make arrangements." It was so ordered unanimously, and a committee was appointed. The committee secured the grove not far from the church and an orator was engaged from the county-seat. In 1833 there were yet many survivors of the battles of the Revolution who were still in their prime. A celebration then meant a tangible view of these sons of honor and a real reverence for the nation and its defenders.

The season being earlier than usual, the wheat-harvest had all been cut, so there was a lull in the farm labor. The day was fine and the grove was soon swarming with people. The four-corner delegation came early and proved, by intense demonstration, loyalty to a free country and free liquor.

The Devore delegation came with a keg, a canvas and a counter and sold liberally. The law did not then forbid this overt act; besides, public opinion would tolerate much demonstration this day under the garb of patriotism. Hence these rampant roughs were met with no hindrance. With or without occasion, their cheers and huzzas became fearfully prominent. The orator said, "let them go on, for this is a high-day." "Hurrah, that's preachin," responded the roughs.

"This is a great and free country" began the orator.

"That's so, agin," shouted another rough.

"The land of Washington and Jackson," continued the orator, "is growing from the narrow strip of the thirteen colonies on the coast until it encompasses this great West towards the setting sun—"

"You're right, it's a big thing," echoed another rough.

"It gives pride and protection to your interests," resumed the orator, "in this beautiful settlement of farms—"

"Yes, sir'ee, boss," cried another rough, "it gives us the still-house too; go on."

Thus with the mortification and disgust of good citizens, after the interposition of sober friends, the Devore crowd was partially quieted. Finally that memorable Fourth was ended; but that day Devore's distillery overloaded its friends with responsibility and furnished strength to its foes. From that day public opinion regarded the still-house a public evil.

CHAPTER XVII.

One More Victim of the Still-House.

"O, mother, mother"—cried out young Barclay, running in nearly breathless—"there's a dead man down the road."

"A dead man! where? How do you know he's dead? Is any body there? Tell me, child."

"I'm so skeered, mother," returned the stupefied boy, "the man fell off his horse, and groaned and fell back, and said he was dead—it's out by the blackberry patch—I saw it all—I know he's dead, 'cause he just looked straight in the sky and didn't speak."

All this time, Mrs. Barclay was hurrying the bread out of the oven, and seizing her bonnet, she called her son from the barn and several of the family hastened to the spot. There, sure enough, was a man bruised, and groaning, and *dead drunk!* They recognized him as a neighbor of two miles away. He was at once cared for. The whisky-flask which he had got filled that morning at Devore's had broken and cut his side in the fall. A sleep of five or six hours made him sensible.

"How did this happen, neighbor Staples," asked Mr. Barclay, when consciousness had returned.

"Happen?" he replied, "why, I rode over to Devore's this morning to sell my corn-crop. Devore was so delighted with my trade he treated me, as he always does, as a sort of ratification, and then he put an extra bottle in my pocket; fool that I was, I drank and drank and lost my balance."

"Sorry, Mr. Staples," added Barclay.

"But I'm hurt, Barclay," said the poor man, "my side is very sore and my head aches terribly. Can you get me home?"

"Certainly, we can try, Mr. Staples," kindly replied Barclay. "Jim, here; get the wagon out—put in plenty of straw."

Staples was loaded in, but the pain of his side grew more and more intense, for the broken fragments of glass had lodged within the wound. A physician was hastily summoned; but an inflammation had already begun which penetrated within and could not be dislodged. There must have been internal injury. The effect became more and more serious, and finally, without peace, without hope, poor Staples died. Another sad funeral was made and another victim was put to rest in the churchyard. The community generally agreed with William Martin, that this was another tally to the "benevolence" of Devore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Asiatic Cholera.

Staples's funeral procession had just fairly got out of sight at the blacksmith-shop at the lower cross-roads, as Davy Cabery drove in sight returning from his Monday's load of whisky. A few boys and men at the shop saw in the agitated eye of Cabery that he had unusual news as he came near.

"What is the matter now, Davy?" inquired the blacksmith.

"Matter enough," he answered. Cholery is down at New Orleans and Charlton, and all over the South—and is coming up this way like a demon."

"Awful!" cried several who were sure of strange news.

"Yes, indeed," he retorted, "awful enough! dreadful! the doctors say there is no remedy for it—some of 'em say liquor fixes it—others down in the city say that it is hardest on drinkin' people."

The dread of this Asiatic Cholera in 1833 was not only very painful and widely prevalent, but also very superstitious. It came and raged with such unheard of virulence, impetuosity and fatality that

entire homes in the South were depopulated in a day. The negroes were especially alarmed and scourged by it.

When Cabery announced at the still-house that the Cholera was rapidly coming up the river, there was a consternation and a panic quite unbecoming true bravery, and only to be accounted for on the ground of guilty consciences, lives made worthless and selfish, living in bodies abused and rendered impressible to disease. For weeks, while the disease was raging in the country, the "four corners" were noticed to be silent as death. People observed that the church was crowded fuller than ever, and the order of its Sabbath evenings was highly commendable. A wicked man is not strong when he meets death, but becomes a craven coward. Though the Cholera reached many exposed river and coast points and spread widely inland to cities and marts of thoroughfare, yet the settlement of Sugar Creek was spared from its dread visit. When frost came and the Cholera abated, very soon the disorder and defiance of the "four corners" and the Devore settlement lapsed back into their old channels, and whisky flowed, on private and public occasions, as before.

CHAPTER XIX.

A New Emigrant.

We must go back a few years to forward an important branch of our story. While George Brown and his companions were crossing the Ohio at Point Pleasant in 1812, a young man of twenty-four, with his widowed mother and his brother, was crossing the same river from Kentucky at the then village of Cincinnati, aiming for a new home. Adam Roberts, for that is what we shall call him, after two days' travel, reached a settlement in the interior which he intended to join. To be brief, here he purchased lands, and very soon secured for a wife a worthy girl out of the family of a Pennsylvania settler. In process of years a large family was born to them. Adam was staunch in religion, and on temperance he was a radical by a full generation beyond his neighbors. Thinking to enlarge his estate, in 1836 he made good disposition of his farm and started with his family and movable effects to the cheaper and better lands of the remote interior. It became his lot to enter the Sugar Creek settlement and to purchase a newly opened farm just left vacant by the death

of its former owner. Roberts was a strong acquisition to the morals of the community. "For," as Kitty Martin remarked, "his family will wonderfully fill up the Sabbath School and the church." This brings our story up to 1838. Now, the first born of William Martin, Henry by name, was the most worthy young man of the region. He was talented, pious and congenial. It furthermore happened that among the elder children of Adam Roberts, Cornelia was a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments. Now as William and Adam, the parents, opened their acquaintance with a social and religious congeniality and fervency which never abated but became as strong as the love between Jonathan and David, so it was whispered by the time the new comers had lived six months in the settlement, that young Henry and Cornelia were very partial to each other. Indeed, at the end of another six months this rumor was confirmed by the sequel, for a long line of most respected citizens could be seen on horseback escorting Henry Martin to the home of Adam Roberts to witness his marriage to the beautiful Cornelia. There she was, as pure as a white rose, or the lily on the breast of a clear lake, while he came, noble, manly and bearing to her all his affections. The day smiled. Fragrant flowers exhaled from every corner. And "in the presence of God and these witnesses" the two were duly made one. After due congratulations the full repast was ready. As all began the feast William

Martin arose and gravely said:—"By mutual agreement of Brother Roberts and myself, it becomes my province to make an announcement which may seem strange to some of our guests. We two have solemnly agreed together that we will hereafter forever have no intoxicants about our homes or premises for any occasion whatever. Instead, we desire to feed our friends and guests with the wholesome, unadulterated food and drink which God gives and our families can prepare."

This announcement was received with much hearty approbation from the guests.

"Yes," added Adam Roberts, "we have finally resolved to honor the union of the first born of our two circles with an example of temperance and sobriety."

And again the guests greeted the remarks with a buzz of approbation.

Thus in the Sugar Creek settlement the backbone was broken forever, of a corrupt custom, which heretofore had demanded whisky or wine on all marriage occasions.

CHAPTER XX.

Radicalism in Temperance.

Not long after the above wedding, wheat-harvest came on. The dozen or more men and boys constituting the four families of William, 'Squire Andrew, and Harvey Martin and of Adam Roberts combined their forces, as their custom was, in the harvest season, each day cutting the ripest wheat on the four farms until all was harvested. Here was to be the test of that solemn coalition made by William Martin and Adam Roberts, that, come what might, they would not furnish liquor on their premises on either public or private occasions.

'Squire Martin warned them that their wheat would go uncut; "for," said he, "men will not work without their bitters. They expect them and will rebel."

"Our own families," replied William, "will surely be obedient; indeed it will be pleasing to them to be rid of the jug; the few hired men, if they rebel, may be replaced by better ones."

"And besides," interposed Roberts, "it is our duty to lead in this reform. Let us do right at all hazards."

"Very well," replied the 'Squire, deliberately, "you may try the experiment, if you wish to venture, but I shall treat my men and bring the jug to my field."

The first three days the company labored very contentedly, on the farm of William, without the slightest sign of the cautioned mutiny. The fourth day they met at 'Squire Andrew's. Whisky was brought out with the water, but it was observed to the amazement of all that no one touched the whisky. Had a tacit wave of reformation taken root from the abstinence of the previous three days?

The boys followed the men, gathering the sheaves for shocking. This duty of gathering sheaves devolved upon Spencer Martin, the 'Squire's son, his cousin Bradley, Harvey's son, and Jo. Roberts.

What fun these boys enjoyed, especially at the end of the rows! No one can write it. Yet how weary the trudging made their feet and their arms!

"Look there, Spencer, at that quail's nest," cried out Bradley. "My! there are three, six, nine, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, nineteen eggs!—there goes the old quail."

They all looked and talked over the trophy.

"Boys, let's save up all the eggs we can find," suggested Spencer. "I saw a nest heapin' full this morning, over here."

"Won't the old quails want them?" humanely remarked Jo.

"Who cares for the old quails!" retorted Spencer, as a superior being.

They soon finished the row, reaching the west fence where the water and whisky were stored in the shade.

"Now, boys," said Jo., tumbling down by the water, let's have a drink."

"'Nough said," chimed in the others, and each took a draught of cool water. Just then Spencer, who was the oldest, spied the jug and meditated some fun.

"Now, boys," said he, "let's have a dram like the men."

"Not I," quickly spoke Jo.

"Not you?" retorted the other, "you are a coward; I dare you to drink."

"I won't drink," persisted Jo.

"Well, we will, won't we, Bradley?" appealed Spencer. "It's sort o' manly."

Bradley, appealed to in this manner, responded, contrary to his ideas of right, to vindicate himself in the challenge of manliness, "Yes, I'll drink; pour her out."

Spencer was deceitful and cunning enough in his artifice, for he never intended drinking himself, but made a pretense of taking a swallow to decoy the other. He thought it would be a rich trick to make the younger boys drunk. The device was successful

in the case of Bradley. The poison soon took effect; Bradley's stomach became deathly sick, his head reeled, and though but eight years of age, he fell to the ground in a paroxysm of drunkenness. The entire company soon reached that part of the field, and the whole story manifested itself. Spencer got a whipping from his father. But a conviction seized the 'Squire that he himself merited a chastisement instead of his son, on account of bad influence and example.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Great Wonder, A Railroad.

"Gentlemen, there is a rumor afloat that a new railroad is contemplated up the river." So said 'Squire Martin upon his arrival at a log-rolling, as there was a lull to hear him.

"And what is a railroad?" asked several.

"Why, of course," pertly interposed Snell, "it's a corduroy road, like the one over Ramscroft's big swamp."

The analogy of the two names made Snell's pun seem pert, and many laughed.

"A railroad," continued 'Squire Martin, "is an improved kind of road graded level at great expense, having hewn timbers at intervals of every yard or less, upon which rest two sleepers, laid on lengthwise of the whole road, and upon these are spiked a continuous flat iron bar or rail; on this they run cars or wagons by steam, several hitched into a train."

Now, 'Squire Martin was well informed for a countryman. Now and then he sent with Cabery for a Cincinnati paper, and read up the nearest local

paper with avidity. He had been a moderate drinker all these years, bordering upon the immoderate. A certain family respect, official honor and clannish fear tended to hinder him from the extremes of drunkenness. The community regarded him as their wisest man in law but not the safest and best in morals.

Hence when the 'Squire explained the new railroad, how the iron horse filled the air with its whistling noise, with voices varying from a cow to a panther, how it was proposed to travel at least ten miles an hour! how much power there was in this locomotive and that it could draw from four to seven wagons on the track at once, the younger and more ignorant were awe-struck and wondered if the world was not to end soon.

"I see the stars fall in 1833," said old Cabery, very wisely, "and I'm afeard sech a thing as that new-fangled road would just overturn the world." The intelligent part of the company had read of the invention of railroads, and a few had even heard of the rumor of one about to be built in Ohio. But the revelation of 'Squire Martin that possibly one might soon be completed so near to them created a demonstration of amazement.

"Sech a big noise, and ten miles an hour, will skeer all our hosses and cows and sheep, and maybe the hogs, to death," astutely suggested Coyner. The danger at once appeared upon the minds of all with due force.

"Yes," groaned Harvey, as he made a desperate lift at a log, "that thing 'll be unpoplar among farmers. I'll bet the country won't let it come through—up with that spike, Billy."

After various remarks, some witty, some croaking, some originally wise, 'Squire Martin added:—"Mark my words, men, the railroad is a mighty grand invention; it will make this country yet, and no telling how fast or how far they may build; you young men will see it in your day; maybe I will, maybe not."

At this point the men took a rest, and out of respect for these prophetical words of the 'Squire he was first offered the jug.

When it came the turn of Cabery, he took a deep drink and with a sigh added, "But 'Squire, here's the mighty point with me, when a railroad comes, what will I do with my six hosses and my wagon; what use will there be for any of the hosses of the country?"

By evening, several of the men, having imbibed too freely of Devore's poison, were unconcerned whether a railroad was built or not. Being engrossed wholly in the effect of their potations, the world seemed to them to be spinning around an axis which passed through their heads.

CHAPTER XXII.

Flying Years.

Reader, we pass a few years in silence. How the great West had improved by the year 1843! A stranger would scarcely have realized that Sugar Creek settlement was only thirty years from the wilderness. The great farms had enlarged by the constant cutting and clearing of the forests, so that one plantation opened upon another and sometimes brought into view one or two miles. The cabins of early days had been replaced by neat frame dwellings usually painted. Spacious barns had sprung up near each farm house. Along the creek were frequent saw mills driving a brisk local trade in the manufacture of lumber. Door-yards had bloomed into neat pretty grass-plots, with shade trees distributed. One part of the garden had risen up from mere utility to ornament, being embellished with tasteful beds of flowers. The roads were vastly improved, and in some places turnpikes, constructed from the gravel of the creek or some bank, made the going solid and delightful.

The churchyards had also fearfully grown. The aged and the young had fallen, and a few white slabs of marble or sandstone were planted in memoriam. Kind hands likewise trained many a shrub and choice flowers as a tribute of love over the graves. The boys and girls of 1825 had become the pillars of society, while the middle-aged of that date had now made fearful strides in greyness and infirmity. The school-houses were enlarged and improved and filled with a new generation.

Up and down the neighboring rivers in the adjacent counties the villages had become pretentious little towns, some of them assuming the air of cities.

The old still-house began to be regarded by most people as a scab of disgrace upon the civilization of Sugar Creek.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Home Affected by the Still-House.

"Mother, may I go home with Emma King from school to night? the girls all visit each other," asked Nellie Moore, one day in March.

"I will see about it when your father comes," was the reply.

Down Sugar Creek south of the original settlement, on a beautiful valley farm, lived Judge Moore, serving his state as the Ohio laws provided in those days. The Judge was scrupulously pure in politics and upright in religion. There was a thrift and plentifulness about his home that made rare attractions to his own family and to all others who enjoyed his hospitality. His temperance principles were a generation in advance of the age. His seven year old little daughter Nellie was a very sweet conscientious child, a favorite at the public school which she was attending. In the common school those of the same age and classes are by necessity playmates, without much regard to dress or circumstances. Who of those days does not remember the

mania of pupils for exchanging visits over night, going from school, dining the following day from the basket of the new host and reaching home after an absence of two days and one night? And by the etiquette of the custom such visits must be returned at least by the following week.

Emma King had spent a night with Nellie Moore and the latter had made the request as stated above to return the visit. The Kings, living on the extreme borders of the district in an opposite direction, were of late, strangers to Mrs. Moore, though she remembered the girlhood of Mrs. King as one of purity and amiability. It was well known that King was an inebriate. So Mrs. Moore sought information of her husband.

"Mr. Moore," said she, "Nellie is asking to go home with Emma King for a night's visit—Is it a proper direction for her?"

"The family is very poor of late and very lowly," replied the Judge; "their straitened circumstances are the result of King's drunkenness; but, perhaps if you let Nellie go, she may learn a lesson she can never forget."

Accordingly Nellie was granted permission to accompany Emma, and after her good-by kiss, was off to school in great cheer.

"I'm going home with you, Emma," she said, upon saluting the latter.

"I'm so glad," replied the other.

The long day ended, school closed and the two

girls were soon tripping down the road, the opposite direction from Nellie's to Emma's home. The timid Nellie at last thought it a very long journey, and that too, directly away from home. She became uneasy and when they reached the bayou of the flooded creek which was to be crossed on a log, Nellie's heart failed and she cried at the prospect.

"I can't cross the log," she sobbed, "I'll fall in."

"But I'll lead you over by the hand," tenderly said Emma.

"No, no, I'm afraid you'll fall too," replied she.

After Emma had coaxingly and assuringly walked the log two or three times, and the parley must end, Nellie was advised to straddle the log and slip forward to the other side. This method she undertook and by slipping, inch by inch, finally she gained the opposite side. But her fear was heightened into something like dismay when she saw the path was to turn down along a low sand bar and that the home of Emma was on the very edge of this sand, with a full creek roaring by nearly up to the door. Nellie saw the home was quite unlike her own. It was a mere hovel, consisting of two rude cabins or pens built of round poles. From one of the huts a cat and clay fireplace opened into a chimney of sticks and mud which reached about half the altitude of the hut. Emma brought Nellie by the hand into this as the principal hut. At the opening was a ragged, thin, weary-looking woman. Nellie had never before seen any one looking so

sad. This was Emma's mother. When she spoke to Nellie there was a sweetness and a smile in her manner.

Within the hut Nellie saw two broken chairs, a small table made of boards, the legs made of sticks and set in by an auger, a pole bedstead with a tick of straw, an improvised shelf with a few blue plates and cups, and underneath a skillet, a tea-kettle and a small oven. A little handful of sticks was burning in the fireplace. Nellie, who had been abroad only to homes of like affluence with her own, had never dreamed of such poverty any where. The revelation was appalling. She was not only uncomfortable but longed for home with a childlike yearning. She noticed that the sad mother uttered but few words, yet these were very kind words, and scarcely ever changed her countenance except in faint attempts to welcome her visitor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Devore's Benevolence."

As twilight began, Mrs. King went to a crock in one corner of the hut, cut off a few small rinds of pork, set the skillet on the coals and fried the meager bits. Then she set them in a plate on the uncovered plank table, added some bits of corn bread, made a little sassafras tea in a large tin and set the children to eating. It was a frugal meal without butter or sugar. Nellie observed the poor mother would often look out at the door and up the creek as if expecting some one. No father had yet appeared and Nellie readily guessed that the woman was expecting her husband.

Dark came, a candle was lit, and presently the muttering, swearing shadow of a very ragged, unshaven man appeared in the doorway. The mother and children made a little stir, the man staggered, uttered some horrid imprecation at his wife and then more fell than walked into the cabin. The poor woman seemed to beckon Nellie and her own children to the opposite side of the table as if she

feared some violence upon them, especially if the man should get an eye on the young visitor. The man staggered over to the fireplace. His wife taking the candle hustled before her all the children out of the door and so along on the boards to an outside door of the other cabin, for they did not communicate directly. Here was just room for another straw bed and on some pegs in the wall hung a few old garments. The children were all tucked in this bed, the old clothes were placed over them for a covering, no good-night words or prayers were uttered, and the woman left them in silent darkness.

The fears and feelings of Nellie were intolerable. She knew not that this man was drunk, for she had never before seen a drunken man and had no conception of what drunkenness was. She feared the man might do them violence. She was painfully terrified lest the swollen creek might sweep the cabin away in the night. She dreaded the morning and most of all she knew the log at the bayou must be crossed. So she literally cried herself to sleep.

When the morning light shone clearly through the chinks of the walls and the roof, the children arose. The father had gone away. The breakfast was an exact duplicate of the night's supper. When all were started to school, Nellie experienced some relief from her constant terror. The bayou and log were soon reached, and by a similar movement to that of the previous evening, she reached the home side.

When that day's school was over and Nellie reached home, she was the happiest girl in the neighborhood.

"Did you have a pleasant visit, Nellie?" inquired her mother.

"Not very; I don't want to go away from home any more, mother," she replied. Then she told her father and mother of all her child-troubles, the log, the flush creek, the little cabins, the scant meals, the dreadful man and the sad woman.

"That man, King," said Judge Moore to his wife, "is a victim of Devore's liquor. He is one of Devore's hands and his wages are drank up. All the cases in the county court from this region grow out of Devore's whisky."

CHAPTER XXV.

A Great Temperance Revival.

"Hear of the temperance lecture, Adam?" inquired William Martin of his bosom friend Roberts.

"No, William, where, when, who?" inquired Adam.

"The eloquent Porter, the great temperance Apostle, who has spoken in much of the West in the interest of the Washingtonian movement, is to speak on Tuesday evening at the Sugar Creek Church," said William.

"I hail that as a god-send in the name of a needed reform," replied Adam. "But the idea of a public effort on this subject is so novel and unheard of in these days, that it will not be strange if the church is packed. But can we get out 'Squire Andrew?"

"Yes," returned William, "there is some strange and deep and solemn reflections in Andrew's mind of late; I have some hope of his reformation.

"Thank God," added Adam. "But do you expect the whisky element to come?"

"No doubt," replied the other. "The Devore and four corner neighbors will come over just to see who dare utter a word about their 'rights,' and we may apprehend trouble."

True to the appointment the church was packed; everybody was there; the friends of alcohol came. Porter made a telling address, full of argument and anecdote. He appealed to consistency, to humanity, to the obligations towards society and to the sacred duties which we owe to family.

The Washingtonian idea was mild, and was wholly presented by moral suasion. The pledge read;—"We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors as a beverage." This was the crude primal step which could not offend the most hostile nor cause despair to the most fallen. Porter reached his peroration in stirring appeals, and pleaded with every man, woman and child to come forward and sign the pledge.

As the speaker finished and there followed an instant of awful suspense, 'Squire Martin deliberately arose to the astonishment of nearly every one, walked solemnly forward through the audience, and taking the pen in hand clearly made the following announcement to all:—"By the help of God, I'll never drink another drop of alcohol—so help me God!" Then he inclined over the table and wrote his name. The effect cannot be portrayed. His brothers William and Henry sobbed out like babies

and shook as leaves with emotion. At least a hundred others were dropping tears of sympathy and excitement. It seemed like breaking the backbone of some vast, relentless monster. The feeling was too deep for spoken amens. One by one names were written until half that audience pledged themselves. Such a triumph of righteousness had never before spread over Sugar Creek settlement.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Little Crusading.

"Now," added the speaker, "others, present and absent, will desire to sign the pledge after further reflection—we will furnish them the opportunity—let there be a committee of men and women appointed who will canvass the neighborhood—I will supply them with pledges to circulate."

Ten or twelve active persons were at once appointed and small printed duplicates of the pledge were furnished each, to continue through the neighborhood. Many a boy and girl subscribed these pledges who became, in later life, earnest workers for temperance and humanity.

Lizzie, a daughter of Adam Roberts, a pious young lady, among others, was placed upon this committee. She began her work at home; and though religion and temperance had already produced a peaceful and happy home, yet she presented the pledge to all its members. Each subscribed from the oldest down to the youngest, Jo. He was now eight years old, and the question in Lizzie's

mind was whether he was old enough to sign the paper intelligently. So she determined to seek advice.

"Mother," said she, "Jo. is very young to sign the pledge—had I better ask him to do so?"

"Certainly ask him," replied her mother, "for I dedicated him to God eight years ago." This caused Lizzie's decision.

A half hour later, when Jo. came in from an errand, she approached him and said: "Jo., don't you want to sign the temperance pledge and grow up to be a good man?"

"Why, yes, certainly," he replied, "I'd like to; you may set down my name."

"No, Jo." she demurred, "that would not be your signing it."

"But then, I can't write well enough," he rejoined.

"No matter," she suggested, "I'll hold your hand and help you form the letters; then that will be your signature."

"All right," nodded the boy. So his first penmanship was executed in the sacred pledge of temperance.

Jo. was a deeply conscientious boy and meant to be earnest. He had withstood his first temptations to the cup from the hands of Spencer Martin in the 'Squire's harvest field the previous summer. Indeed he was raised to have a horror of liquor and a fear of drunkards.

Next day at school, when the noon hour came and the temperance meeting was canvassed, one boy after another, with that false idea of bravado which attaches to a crowd, declared: "I'll not sign that old pledge."

"I'll do as I please and drink what I love," boastfully expressed Mat. Barclay.

When by some means, it became known that little Jo. Roberts had signed the pledge, the school boys alternately laughed and mocked the boy for his silliness.

Archie Fleming tauntingly remarked, "you was afeard you'd git drunk, Jo., was you—you's a goose."

Jo. was annoyed to be so publicly singled out, but felt conscious of having done right. Thus he passed the second temptation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Repentance at Last.

Again we must bridge over the stream of years and reach forward to the very middle of the century. By the year 1850, the Sugar Creek church had grown strong in its membership. There were the Martins, the Starks, many of the Barclays, the Robertses and a host of others; its Sabbath-school was highly prosperous; and in the unity and consistency of most of its members, it never wavered in its holy mission of furnishing a fold and food for the flock of God. Its Christian platform was impregnable and was far too exalted to be hindered by the four corners or the distillery. Christ had said of his church, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The four corners and distillery had drifted away gradually, forming their own society and world into a widely distinct social life from Sugar Creek Church. It was a moral battle and all joined the one side or the other. Devore and the corners meant whisky, profanity and a

life of carousal. The Sugar Creek Church group meant morality, temperance and the Sabbath-school. Each year drew the lines more distinctly. Some were confirmed, fatally and finally, with the party of intemperance; but public opinion, going with the majority and the age was merging into clearer views on the question of temperance. Its open advocates became numerous and their reasons were unanswerable. The ministry had new messages never preached nor even dreamed of before.

Poor old 'Squire Martin mourned over a lost life. He held a long earnest interview with his brother William and Adam Roberts, and this was the burden of his heart as set forth in that conversation:—"I may well mourn over my past—nearly sixty years have gone—I am an infirm old man—I have drank up the earnings of my prime—and now, as our dear old mother is gone, the very homestead which has been my home by tolerance will revert to the heirs, then I will be homeless. I could stand all this personally and afford to be poor for my folly, but alas! how can I stand the curse, that my boys have grown up without confidence in my manhood and my morality! My influence has been fatal on my children—they show signs of recklessness, which is the penalty for my former crimes and the neglect of their moral instruction. I fear the future of my children. I am assured by good medical authority that an appetite for drink will be transmitted to offspring. Before heaven, I have ruined my family,

dishonored my God and wasted my life."

The strong, aged men who heard all this, wept tears of deepest sympathy.

Such was the complaint of a man against himself, who had been the apology for moderate drinking for forty years.

After very mature reflection and much prayer and repentance the 'Squire reached another era in progress and astonished the assembled neighborhood even more than when he took the pledge.

It was the Sabbath. The sermon pointed men to the Lamb of God. At an opportune moment in the closing services 'Squire Martin rose up in his place, as if all that sermon were addressed personally to him, and said publicly:—"If this church will accept me as a feeble member, by the help of God and your sympathy I will try to live a prayerful life and go with you to heaven."

The big tears freely flowed that day. Deacon William Martin and his brother Harvey said, it was the happiest day of their lives; Adam Roberts said he did not expect to witness a clearer triumph this side the Golden Gate; and the brethren and sisters grasped the 'Squire's hand with a fervor that springs from the communion of saints. For now they all hoped to see their kindred and neighbor beyond the river, among the holy immortals.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Still Another Victim.

"Who is hurt, did you say?" So inquired Jo. Roberts, standing at his father's door as Nathan Stark galloped by and excitedly hallooed about some one being dangerously hurt. "Who did you say was hurt?" repeated Jo.

"Old Jimmy Barclay—fell from his horse just fernenst Haler's house—nearly killed hisself."

At this exciting news, Jo., who was now about fifteen, drew on his coat and hat, and ran over to the scene. Haler's house was about sixty rods distant, where this highway terminated in the great east and west thoroughfare. There, sure enough, was James Barclay at the roadside, prostrate, groaning with pain and swearing at his luck. Two or three men, besides Mrs. Haler and the children, were standing around or hurrying to and fro in attempts to assist the injured man. It was evident Barclay was completely intoxicated and had in that state, fallen from his horse. No one could tell the extent of his injuries, nor, indeed, understand what

remedies to administer, until Stark should return with a physician from the nearest village.

Barclay had been one of the prime advisers of Devore a quarter of a century before in reference to the erection of the distillery. Here he had sold the first bushel of corn that had been made into whisky. He had ever been an ardent supporter and patron of the distillery. And, worse than all, he gradually drank more and more of Devore's whisky until violated nature had often rebelled with the threat of delirium tremens. He had seen the death of Staples many years before who was injured by a fall, when intoxicated, at his own door. The event had caused to him a temporary check, but he soon lapsed back into his old habits.

On the morning of this accident, Barclay had ridden over to Devore's, sold his abundant crop of corn, drank abundantly at the distillery, and bore away a large supply which was found in a flask in his pocket. Before he was half way home the effect, as aforesaid, had brought him to the ground.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Delirium Tremens.

After much delay, the physician arrived and instituted a critical examination. He stated that there was a high nervous excitement produced from the shock of the fall, and that this, with the symptoms of delirium tremens made his condition serious. The man was borne into Haler's house and comfortably provided for. Barclay's wife and son, who had been notified, came full of shame and despair. Yet they supposed it merely another of his frequent sprees of late. Several days elapsed but no change for the better was discovered. Poor old Barclay was constantly raving and wild in his profanity, and evidently unconscious, the nervous system being very much aggravated by the delirium. He had probably reached a crisis of his career.

Sometimes his utterances were very violent.

"Out with that snake—there it is—take me out of this fire—take me out—oh, oh,—don't you see that devil?—there, there he comes—save me—there's another snake—I feel hell under me."

Thus he would rave for hours. Six days had passed; the patient meantime grew worse. Many neighbors gathered that night to sympathize and do, if possible, some kindness for him, but the poor old man, without slumbers or even quiet, in constant nervous tension, continued to curse and rave. His eyes had become fearfully glaring and glassy, his forehead was white and clammy, his lips were never still. Reader, this is a true scene. Would to God it had never been necessary in the penalty of sin!

His imprecations against God were awful and he persisted in his convictions that his extremities were already in hell. His previous life and his now terror-stricken soul made these, his last utterances, seem quite real. Thus, with a ghastly stare into the unknown, and a countenance in harmony with the presence and image of grim devils, James Barclay's soul went into the eternal world.

Neighbors assisted to prepare him for the funeral rites and clothe him for his coffin. Young Roberts, who aided in these humane duties, could never forget the scene. But the awful sadness of that funeral occasion can never be told.

CHAPTER XXX.

Devore's Confession.

For three or four years David Devore had some secret misgivings as to his responsibility in causing the death and misery of his neighbors, but he kept these reflections to himself, and went on. 1854 found him an old man, having passed the milestone of sixty years and feeling the winter of infirmity creeping over him. The distillery had furnished him subsistence but not wealth. He had helped scores to premature graves and had brought poverty and disgrace to hundreds more, yet his agency in these results was so indirect and semi-unconscious, that his heart never confessed any immediate pangs of remorse. Perhaps he was hardened by his own obduracy and left to perish.

Yet the old still-house began to appear dilapidated and seemed a scab upon the progress of the region. Devore's own home was isolated from good society because of its proximity to a still-house, which pub-

lic opinion was coming to regard as a disgrace. He began to loathe his own surroundings.

"I have a thought," remarked Devore once, upon meeting William Martin. "I have a thought," he solemnly repeated.

"Indeed! what new thought now?" responded Martin.

"Do you remember, William," he continued "thirty years ago the cow-hunt you had on Sugar Creek?"

"Oh! that day I found you marking out the foundation for your distillery?"

"Yes, that was the very day. Do you remember your caution and warning at my enterprise?"

"Yes, I do remember as if it were yesterday."

"Well, neighbor Martin, the distillery has not made me rich, it has not made me honorable, but it has made me many enemies and a life of constant care. I wish it were gone and its memory obliterated."

"Too true, David. You utter sad truth."

"But I have a thought, William. I propose to stop the business finally, tear down the building, and, if possible, try to forget the past."

"Those are good thoughts, friend, and I would that you could realize them, but then the past has gone into history. The actions and influences of my life and yours are imperishable, as I understand it. I am heartily glad, however, that you propose to stop the business, and take down the buildings

By the by, David, there will be a temperance talk at the church next Tuesday night. Come, if you can."

"Ah! Who is there to speak?"

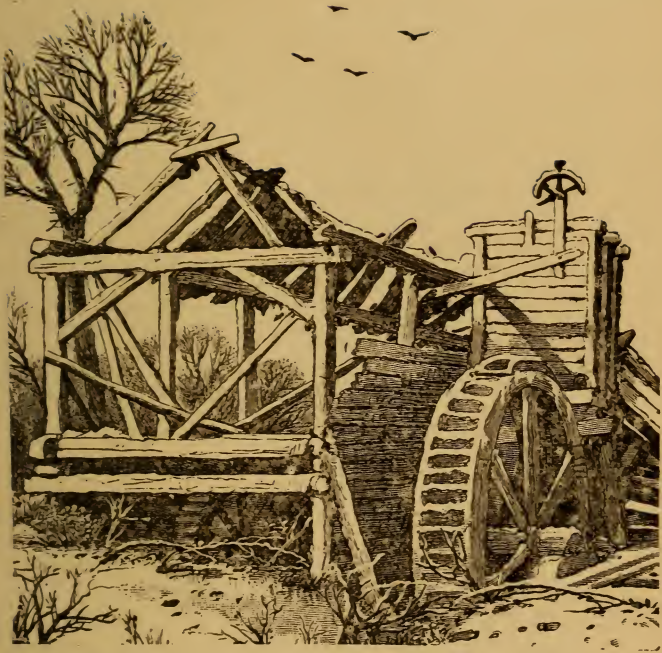
"Our neighbor Roberts's son, Jo."

"Indeed? He is but a stripling; will he be able to bring out the light?"

"Yes, he is about of age and does a little public speaking. His neighbors desired the novelty of hearing him."

"If possible I will come, William. Good day."

"Good day, Mr. Devore."



THE OLD STILL-HOUSE IN RUINS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Jo. Roberts's Temperance Speech.

It had been announced in Sugar Creek Church that young Jo. Roberts, now on a vacation from school, would make a temperance talk to his old neighbors. It was so recently that Jo. had been holding the plow, wielding the cradle and occasionally fishing for sunfish in Sugar Creek, that all were on the alert at the novel adventure of a lecture from him. For, as Frank Stark had said, twelve years before, "Jo. had the most brilliant success in the primary school in his studies, of any one he ever met who presented so little promise in the appearance of his head."

"Did you know, sister Bennington," said Miss Barnes as they walked home from that Sabbath service, "did you know that Jo. Roberts is a very acceptable visitor at Judge Moore's?"

"Dew tell!" exclaimed the old lady, "to see Nellie?"

"Yes; the accomplished Nellie is the great at-

traction, and they say it'll be a handsome match."

"I vow 'twill," remarked sister Bennington, "there's not a smarter nor handsomer girrel up and down the creek than that same Nellie Moore."

"That is so, sister, and they say she is as good as she is handsome."

"Well, well, so Jo. goes there. That is sort o' queer, but then he's purty good tew, and the match will be about square—but I'm bound to hear the young man git off his lectur' anyhow," said Mrs. Bennington, as she turned in where the roads separated them.

The house was well filled on Tuesday evening, and Joseph Roberts made a sensible discussion of the temperance question for a young man. His friends expressed great satisfaction. Young William Martin whispered to him that "he was a credit to the neighborhood, and bade him godspeed."

Devore, who had come in upon the back seat, remarked to some one that "the boy told the truth well, but my Sabin would not be such a moralist as that."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Planting a Whisky Village.

This brings our story to 1855. A quarter of a century ago central Ohio had railroads girting every important valley, and noble turnpikes took the place of the principal highways. Pinching poverty was no longer known, and farmers had reached a stage of comparative ease and independence. Machinery accomplished much of the drudgery, while men had leisure to roll along the pikes in easy carriages.

Half way from the distillery to the Four Corners a new turnpike was constructed, connecting remote cities. Just at this half way point, by common consent, the distillery village, for such a group of cabins it had grown to be, and the Four Corners compromised on a site for a grand central village. The new village sprang up rapidly. The houses were all small and dilapidated, for they resulted from the removal and collection of the surplus old houses of the region. Low, one-story log or frame, was the rule, but whitewash within and without

gave them a neater appearance. Surplus people moved in from the Four Corners and Devore's until these former centers were nearly depopulated. The new village was pre-eminently the child of free whisky and its interests. There was even a village pride in these traits. What village, however humble, was ever devoid of local pride? There was a daring freedom in profanity, and an amount of free thinking which made its people seem indifferent whether there was a God or not.

"Yet," said Matt. Scorsby, the new justice, "we had better have a church in town; it will increase the value of our property, it will serve for lectures, it will be an advantage to the peace and morals of the place."

"But, look here, 'Squire," interrupted Ingham, who kept the variety-store of the new town, "who will pay the bills?"

"No trouble on that, Jim," returned Scorsby, "I'll pay twenty-five dollars; Devore will invest fifty dollars, and I know others who will pay."

"But what kind of a church shall it be?" queried the puzzled Ingham, "you see there is not a doggoned church member in town."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scorsby, "no matter; let it be called a Union Church, that will take in all."

"That's a capital thought, 'Squire, jest suits, so get out your subscription at once for the new Union Church."

The scheme took marvelously. Indeed, the villagers told it as a work of supererogation for non-church people to build a church. It was named with special pride.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Union Church Dedicated.

The money for the new church being a small amount, was soon raised. Devore's twenty-five dollars was subscribed for a bell, as he remarked, "so that it would remind him of the various church doin's." A building committee was appointed and in four months the little block frame was fronting the pike ready for use.

"Now who shall dedicate the new church?" inquired Ingham of Scorsby one evening, as a large group of villagers stood around the variety-store, as their custom was.

"Don't know," was the reply of Scorsby, "that is a question."

"Mr. Heck," continued Scorsby, "what do you say? Shall it be a Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or what?"

"Neither of 'em," responded Heck, who was a member of the committee, "the committee can't agree on any of them fellers, they're not popular

with us. The committee has invited up the Universalist preacher next Sunday week, kase, you see, ther' can't be no objection to him from none."

"That's a mighty good thought, Mr. Heck," said Ingham, "'twill tread on the toes of nobody, and will suit everybody."

Elder Burley, of the Universalist church, from the nearest city was promptly present, and the new church was crowded with people. Burley did his own singing for no one had thought of this want. Fortunately, too, he brought his own Bible. The sermon, or rather, oration of eulogy on the people, was pleasing to everybody. It was a sweet, sugar-coated message. Everybody was praised, the great brotherhood of man was praised, the goodness and love of God was praised, and the people were finally dismissed with a pride in themselves and a flattery in the extolling liberality of the preacher that repaid them, as Ingham remarked, "for the entire outlay for the whole doggond thing."

Elder Burley was engaged to return and preach once per month, so long as he could afford it gratuitously; for, as the committee informed him, "the town was totally strapped in building the church."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Devore's Servant Cabery.

Notwithstanding Devore's assertion that he intended to pull down the distillery, it continued to make whisky. The long pens near by were full of grunting hogs waiting their warm slop. Lolling oxen were in the adjacent pasture, to which quarters plank troughs conveyed their share of the same food. The dull croak of wheels, the smell of alcohol, and the constant profanity indicated that the work of the last third of a century was yet in full blast.

Devore's faithful old servant Cabery, now becoming quite gray, still assured the people along the highway by the crack of his whip and his ponderous six-horse wagon loaded with barrels of whisky that the still-house was in existence. Of the old generation that saw the still-house erected and sympathized with the enterprise, Cabery was nearly alone as the remaining representative. Many of the others filled drunkards' graves, and several had been

suddenly carried to their graves by accidents resulting while intoxicated. Cabery seemed destined to live and die an unchangeable quantity. That he ever thought of a future was not divulged by himself. To be the king of six horses and the servant of Devore was his highest aspiration. His seven sons were like him.

"Dew think I'd hev a farm," said he to a neighbor who met him as the horses were taking a breathing spell, "no, sirree, I want no farm to bother me, wouldn't hev it, be 'sponsible fur everything and 'plexed 'bout taxes. No, sirree, I'd ruther drive my six-horse team, see the city every week, and be independent." This last remark he accompanied with a smart crack of his whip for emphasis. "Git up there, click, click," and away he went with the great wagon-load of whisky to find its victims.

Cabery's step was not so firm as once: indeed he drank, drank often, but somehow, he was callous to the usual effects. Once, however, his step was very unsteady. That day he attempted to move some bees to another hive. He had fastened them within, and secured the avenues, and was proceeding to carry the gum, or hive in his arms so as to adjust it to another new hive. But being unsteady from the liquor in him, his feet slipped, the hive fell and cracking open let the mad swarm upon him in a moment. The effect was indescribable. The family, the pack of dogs, the chickens and the loose horses were all in an uproar. The six steady steeds

in the near barnyard got stray shots from the scouting bees and needed no click of their owner's whip to scamper off more lively than was their grave custom. Cabery wildly rushed across the road to the paw-paw bushes lashing and twirling his arms this way and that. Stung unmercifully he finally, after tearing through the thicket of leaves and bushes, out-distanced his tormentors. Oh! how sick he was from the stings, the shock and the consumed whisky. But whisky was his ideal panacea for all diseases; so he drank freely to counteract the stings. The only mitigation of the stings was the apology for this favorite medicine. But mother nature finally restored him, and he was again in the saddle.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Spencer Martin, the 'Squire's Son.

'Squire Martin's presentiment that his children would reap the fruit of his early example stood as a prophecy; would it be realized in his own life? Little Spencer, who mixed the drinks in the harvest field and tempted the other boys fourteen years before, had grown to be a very pert man. Some called him talented, but his religious nature had been totally demoralized. Being averse to manual labor, he had sought and found a clerkship in a prosperous little city. His chief talent was shrewdness; while his acquired abilities were deception and dishonesty. Nevertheless he was a smooth gentleman, cutting the acquaintance of his former rural associates and dressing in dandy style. In two years he married the daughter of his employer, and his future was apparently bright and enviable.

"Bad news, boys," called out old Cabery one day, as he drove the big team by the blacksmith-shop.

"What is it, Cabery?" quickly inquired one of the men.

"Jest take the Gazette here, and read for yerself, thar it is," returned Cabery, as he handed the paper over.

The citizen read aloud as follows:

"FORGERY.—Last Saturday it was discovered that one of our merchants, Mr. Sewer, had his name forged upon a note offered as a collateral for a bank loan for fifteen hundred dollars. The cashier at once detected the forgery. The holder promptly explained that he had it from Spencer Martin, the son-in-law of Mr. Sewer. It was a very shallow and bungling forgery. Martin heard of the detection, and before he could be arrested, escaped to parts unknown. The management of the forger was so poor he did not realize a cent."

As this notice was made known to his old friends and neighbors, amazement and sorrow filled every heart. The news spread like wildfire and his large circle of relatives were covered with shame. Poor old 'Squire Martin wept for his fallen son, like David for Absalom. "I feared something dreadful would befall my sons," cried he, "and here it is, a judgment of God visiting the iniquity of their father upon his children; would that the grave had covered me from this shame!" But this was not all. A lovely sister of Spencer, hearing of the family disgrace, became deranged. The light of reason

never dawned to her again, and after a few short months she passed away in mental darkness.

The old father nearly sank under this second burden. He was pitied and loved by all. And if ever mortal was punctual in religious integrity it was he. This, in fact, was now his only consolation, for he read in his Bible: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Effect of the Still-House on the Value of Real Estate.

A stranger came into the bounds of Sugar Creek, seeking land for a house. Five miles away, at the country tavern, he dined, and thus interviewed the landlord.

"I say, landlord, are there any farms for sale over west?"

"Certainly, sir, you will find a few farmers willing to sell."

"Can you name any, landlord?"

"Yes, there's the old Jimmy Barclay place has been insolvent ten years and must be sold. A leetle north, the widow Staples's farm is for sale. Then, if you go west of Sugar Creek you will find every other man will be glad to sell."

"Why, landlord, what makes this remarkable disposition to sell over there?"

"Well, you see," explained the genial landlord, "When you hit Sugar Creek neighborhood you are in the influence of the Devore distillery, this side

Sugar Creek you have the influence of Martin's Church. I'm no Christian myself, but them's the facts, stranger."

"But, landlord, is there a difference in the price of these lands?"

"My! yes. They'll ask you nigh onto a hundred dollars an acre for a good farm in the Martin neighborhood, but when you git to the Devore neighborhood and furder, you kin pick up plenty on 'em for sixty and seventy-five."

"But look here, landlord, perhaps there is a difference in the quality of the lands, is there not?"

"Yes, sirree, but the best lands are, tother side of Devore's."

"Then tell me, how do you explain this vast difference in value?"

"Why, you see, stranger, them fellers for miles beyond the distillery steal melons, rob hen-roosts, have neighborhood fights and play the deuce generally. That's what they pay to have a still-house."

"I thank you, landlord, for all these facts. If I purchase on Sugar Creek, it will be on this side and not in the Devore neighborhood. Good day."

"Good day, stranger."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Devore Defrauding the Revenue Law.

To the young who live in this peaceful land today there can be but little conception and no realization of a great civil war so late as 1860 making its intolerable sorrow from Florida to Oregon. But it came, raged like a universal contagion, and was only ended, after forcing hundreds of thousands of brave boys on both sides down into early graves.

The great day alone will discover, however, how far king alcohol as a destroyer, outranks even this dreadful war. Civil wars may rage and then yield to peace, but alcohol perpetuates its devastation in the ruin and disgrace of posterity, making fearful havoc under the strategy and authority of legislation in state and national governments.

The civil war debt, bequeathed to the survivors for payment, was twenty-eight hundred million dollars. Congress indirectly legalized the liquor-traffic by ordering a heavy tax upon all distilled and malt liquors in order to liquidate the war debt.

Because of its abundant use in the army and its hospitals alcohol had gone up to fabulous prices. If the revenue assessed by the government on the manufactured article had all been paid without fraud, the war debt would have been wiped out long ago. The temptation to evade the revenue law was too great for the crafty distiller. By this evasion, hundreds of dealers and especially manufacturers amassed fabulous wealth. The Devore distillery had kept steadily on with this harvest of dishonesty. For a few months, in defiance of the revenue law, it made and sold its products. Finally a wail came to the Four corners, the new village, and the distillery, but at the same time a hallelujah was sent up by the church and the Sunday-school. The agent of the law, on the alert, swooped down on Devore, and seizing his stills and fixtures, bore them away as forfeitures to the government. The tottering old man was required to pay a heavy fine to escape still worse penalty. He barely escaped with his farm where he could dole out a gloomy remnant of life until his evening sun would set in darkness.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Two Quite Opposite Destinies.

Sabin Devore, the distiller's son, early showed special talent. Indeed, he was the hope of an erring father. But the son, when he came to years, with a better civilization and humanity than the parent, could not brook the opprobrium of public opinion in regard to his father's business and sought a home in a distant region, a few days' journey from the land of his birth. Would he, could he, throw off the influences of the still-house and its constant society from childhood? He had ambition and sought promotion through political channels, but for a long time every door was closed. At last he secured a position as an aid to a revenue collector. The region of his new home had a large whisky interest, and much of the receipts of this revenue district were from whisky. It devolved upon Sabin Devore to superintend this department. And whether an ancestral appetite was transmitted or a fatal tendency was acquired, we cannot say,

but at any rate, Sabin was singularly pleased with his department. His functions were highly important to the government, because so vast a revenue came through his hands from this source. His honesty and integrity would turn millions into the public treasury, while his irregularity might enrich himself and vastly defraud the government.

Sabin soon discovered a familiarity with the manufacturer and vender of whisky. His cheeks began to fill out with the unnatural coagulation and firing by alcohol of albumen which was never destined to lodge there. His nose began to bloom from the fever of repeated draughts. His eyes lost their clearness, and the small blood capillaries over the balls and in the ciliary processes of the corners, intended to convey only white blood, were heated to an expansion which admitted the red globules, giving a blood-shot appearance. Yet as a citizen and a man he was genial and hospitable.

One morning a telegram was flashed over the wires from city to city, as follows: "Sabin Devore, an assistant to the Internal Revenue Officer, to whom much of the office-work was committed, has been detected in a long series of fraudulent practices, conniving with the manufacturers of whisky in the non-payment of revenue and other crookednesses, involving a considerable sum. Devore has been arrested."

The same telegraph-office to which the above message was sent, was entrusted with a far different

message on the same day to a city daily as follows:

"Orange blossoms. Married—at Judge Moore's, this morning, Joseph Roberts to Miss Nellie Moore, a daughter of the Judge. These parties are highly respectable and influential. The accomplished pair are the favorites of the whole community. Many and valuable presents were received. They will soon repair to the city where Mr. Roberts will begin his professional life."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Pilgrims Gathering Home.

"I have come, mother, to say good-by—for to day we must leave." So said Joseph Roberts, one week after his marriage, as he approached the bedside of his aged mother.

"Son, I am so sorry you must go from us," she replied.

"And I am very sad, mother, to go and to leave you so poorly—I hope you will be better soon."

"Not in this world, my boy," she suppressedly uttered, as a burden of tears of tenderness suffused her sunken eyes.

"But, mother, hope for the best and be cheerful. I will try to be a good man, as I leave you to go into the world—see here, mother," he continued, gently placing his hand on the shoulder of his bride —"see here, what a good wife I have gained. She will furnish me woman's influence still. Do you not think she can help me to be good and useful?"

"I pray she may, son—but be careful—some fall who are just as strong as you—remember I dedicated you to God, in your infancy, when disease threatened your life."

The sad farewell was ended. This saint of God, pressed by age and infirmity, never arose. In six short weeks, after uttering this testimony—"Oh! the sun shines so brightly," she yielded her soul to the immortal convoy whose chariot took it home, while the mortal part was put to rest in the churchyard. Never was there a nobler or truer woman, companion and mother.

Adam Roberts, the bereaved husband, now quite aged, had nothing left to be accomplished in his life-mission except daily to mature for an early reunion with his wife in heaven.

As the venerable William Martin said to his wife:—"I think, Kittie, that father Roberts' charity has been unbounded all through life—he loves to do good, to do right and to serve God."

"Yes," she replied, "and how he has strengthened Temperance among us!—but his work is nearly done."

His race to glory was quickened by the recent departure of some of his loved ones. There was his beloved wife; there was his daughter Cornelia, the temperance bride of a quarter of a century before; she had gone on before, while her dear form was sweetly sleeping in a distant grave, under a weeping willow; and there was Lizzie too, who had long since

secured the name of little Jo. to the pledge—she was now among the immortals. So this grand old man was ready.

"Sing me," said the dying man to his children,

"There's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told.
Where they know not the sorrows of time."

As the soft music filled the room, the venerable man responded,—"Glory to God."

When his eyes were closed and his soul was half through the gates, his son said; "Father, you must be nearly through; can you leave us a token? If you cannot speak, could you tell us, if all is bright and well, by raising a hand or finger?"

The victor threw up both hands: and then his spirit passed up peacefully and calmly just with the clear setting sun. Thus, far beyond threescore and ten, his ever kind eye closed to earth, but the spirit-vision had opened to immortality.

CHAPTER XL.

The Harvest of Intemperance.

Far away from Sugar Creek in the hill country of another state was the lovely village of Taunton, nestling on both sides of a swift, clear river, that flowed from a lake not far above. Here were mills and machinery, and the village houses were built upon the very margin of the river. Since the current was so swift, the waters could only rise a few inches. One street, parallel with the river, and only fifty yards distant from it, gave room for the blocks of houses to run back entirely to the water. Little cross-streets came up to the bank and some of them had neat bridges binding the two half villages into one. On the uppermost of these cross-streets, and but fifty feet from the river, was a liquor-saloon driving a flourishing business, with its counters always well attended. Its keeper, though not its owner, was a man of nearly middle life who had evidently seen better days. He was a constant

drinker of his own liquors, until his eyes, nose, cheeks and system, all carried the inevitable marks of the inebriate; often he was in partial intoxication, a middle state, termed by his chums booziness.

The clear, deep river at this point was enlarged into a wide lake because of the dam just below. Here within fifty feet of the saloon, people dipped their buckets for water, and in the winter cut through the ice to reach the water.

One winter night the saloon-keeper, in his usual tipsy condition, was waiting on his customers, when needing water, he took a bucket to dip from the river through the ice. The customers waited, but he did not return. At length becoming impatient, they hunted for him among the few shops and stores yet open, but with no success. Then men became anxious in the settled conviction that he had staggered and fallen through the hole in the ice and had been dragged downward and onward by the current to his destruction.

Next morning being Saturday, word spread of the saloon-keeper's disappearance and almost certain doom. At least two hundred men soon gathered to search the river, the dam, the swift, rocky river bed, through the village and the lake of the lower dam. Soon their worst fears were confirmed by finding his hat and tin-pail settled in the bottom of the river near the hole. Then the eager search continued, the men whispering in solemn tones as if at a funeral.

Pastor Pratt remarked to Pastor Jones: "I shall not name this subject to my congregation: for the circumstances themselves are preaching effectually to every one the most powerful sermon."

"No," replied Pastor Jones, "the Providence of God has brought an awful judgment on the man—it is a clear judgment—we must be silent and let God work; but," continued Jones, "my pulpit is to be supplied to-morrow by a man of prominence and official position among our people."

"Who?" inquired the other.

"It is Rev. Joseph Roberts from Ohio," answered Pastor Jones.

"Oh, yes," added Pastor Pratt, "I have heard of him."

All Saturday was exhausted by the villagers of Taunton in a fruitless search for the lost man.

A bright, cold winter Sabbath dawned and invited people to the sanctuary. A few still kept searching and speculating as to the fate of the missing saloon-keeper. The church bells rang. The large church where the stranger was to preach was on the river side of the street, running quite down to the water's edge so that the pulpit bordered the river.

As the second bell was tolling and the church was crowding full, some men saw a suspicious object immediately back of the church, perhaps a hundred feet distant in the river, frozen to the rock. It appeared like human clothing. With difficulty the object was reached—and there—was the saloon-

ONE OF THE CHARACTERS ALLUDED TO IN THIS VOLUME.

keeper's lifeless form frozen to the emerging rock! He had evidently fallen in, glided under the ice, floated swiftly towards the dam from which a portion of the boards had been removed, was carried through and down the steep current until lodged and frozen to this rock. Just as the bell ceased tolling for services, men had recovered his body, and placing it in a sleigh carried it by the church door toward his house.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Mystery of a Life Unraveled.

At this moment the conveyance containing the strange preacher drove up to the church. Joseph Roberts was ignorant of the tragedy and the surroundings. He presented a clear, pointed sermon on the sacredness of human life which God had created in His own image. The text was: "Thou shalt not kill." In addition to the main points of the discourse the preacher alluded to "indirect murder" as follows: "The misguided man who manufactures or sells alcohol, knowing as he does its power over the taste and its poisonous and fatal tendencies, is an indirect murderer; and the man who abuses his appetite and drinks alcohol until his life is destroyed either by immediate effects or by accident resulting from intoxication is a self-murderer."

The remarks were solemnly true to the sad knowledge of that audience. The services were ended

and the congregation dismissed. "Brother Roberts,"—said Pastor Jones after complimenting the sermon and thanking the preacher for it—"Brother Roberts, did you know you preached directly the funeral sermon to-day, of a poor man who was found in the river drowned and was carried home past here just as you reached the church?"

"No, Brother Jones, tell me about the case," answered Roberts with some eagerness.

The pastor related the whole circumstance and concluded by saying that "the name of the unfortunate man was Martin."

"Martin! did you say," hurriedly interposed Roberts.

"Yes, Martin!"

"Where was he from?" excitedly asked Roberts.

"Let me see, Ohio, I think."

"Is it possible! Do you know his first name, Brother Jones?"

"Yes, the boys call him Spencer."

"Spencer Martin!" uttered Roberts with evident feeling and amazement—"Can you approximate the man's age?"

"I should judge he was about forty."

"Can it be?—but, Brother Jones, could we go directly to his late home and see the drowned man?—I fear he was a playmate of my boyhood."

"Is it possible!" added Jones; "then I will go with you at once and see the afflicted family."

The two ministers soon entered the house of

mourning, where the deceased was prepared for his last rites.

"May we look at Mr. Martin?" asked Pastor Jones of one of the attendants.

"Certainly, walk in this way," and the man led the way to the presence of the dead. Joseph Roberts was utterly confounded—

"My God!" uttered he reverently—"it is the same Spencer Martin who was my close neighbor in my childhood—knew him like a brother—was his playmate—gathered sheaves with him in the harvest field!"

The strong men present were moved at this interview of the living with the dead, brought around mysteriously by Providence.

Joseph Roberts, upon leaving Taunton, was entrusted by the stricken wife, with sad messages and mementoes to 'Squire Martin the aged father of Spencer. These sad duties were, in due time, faithfully and tenderly discharged.

CHAPTER XLII.

Gathering Home.

Old 'Squire Martin, whose cup of sorrow was full long before, had anticipated such a possible tragedy to his son. Indeed, like the prophecy of Jacob of old, the 'Squire's presentiment of judgments upon his sons, hung gloomily over both parent and child. But the broken heart had reached a stage where anguish could do but little more. He would not be away from his heavenly home very long. God had fully accepted him for the sake of Jesus. He thought of Spencer, now resting in that distant village cemetery under the moaning pines, where the birds would chant a requiem and the winds would sigh in a dirge until the resurrection.

The poor old man, bent with infirmity, venerable with years, sad with sorrow, came down to the last scene. Surviving friends, true and faithful, were all around him. For many a year he had lived true to his public vow at conversion :—"God helping me, I will endeavor to live a prayerful life and go with you to heaven."

"Now," said he, "with me, the first enemy to be destroyed was alcohol—the Searcher of Hearts knows it is dead to me—the last enemy to be destroyed is death—I shall soon be victor over this foe also." So this redeemed man died in the faith and was gathered to his fathers.

The ranks were thinning. Good, old William Martin and his aged wife were now the only survivors of that first colony of 1812. As lovers, the ardency of this pair never waned from the blushes of betrothal at the foot of the Greenbrier Mountains in Virginia to the dissolution by death from that marriage vow which promised:—"So long as ye both shall live." They loved each other with unabated constancy. It were not sacrilege to here record the observation of the good woman who cared for them when they had both passed fourscore. Said she:—"Early one morning, it was necessary to visit their sleeping room, and the exhibition I there saw, will never be forgotten—the aged pair were locked in each other's arms in deep slumber, and this had been their custom through life."

If we only could have a translation and never see death! But as they had been always the constant and ardent friends of God and humanity, in a Christian fullness, death would only be a temporary sleep.

Kittie had exceeded fourscore when the message of mortality came, and this bride of more than sixty years, was taken from the arms of her lover by the

good angel of life and introduced to the angels.

Now it was that the lonely survivor longed to go hence in the return chariot, for every companion of his life had gone to rest. His faith was like that of Abraham; his spiritual vision clear as that of Moses on Pisgah; his peace as the pure onward river; and his charity was modeled after the Christ. When the messenger invited him to the eternal world, oh, how he rejoiced! He said, "I shall soon see father Roberts, and brother Andrew, and the sainted Kittie, with others who have gone before —and the Blessed Jesus." From the midst of a vast group of friends and sorrowing relatives, he was permitted at last to depart. After a farewell to each, he added, "I have fought the good fight— we will meet again—the chariot is waiting— sing a song about glory." And while soft melody touched the ultimate theme of our lives—"The far away Home of the Soul"—his pure spirit was translated with the chorus up to God. Last of all that generation he was at rest. And his ashes sweetly repose beside those of the bride of his youth in the churchyard of Sugar Creek.

"The old frame church has long since given place to a more ample and beautiful religious temple."
—See Chapter xliii.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Finale.

Reader, our task is done. We delay a moment for the gleanings. The next generation about Sugar Creek is now dropping away. New faces and forms occupy the ranks of young manhood and womanhood, and a fourth generation is in the cradle. The old frame church has long since given place to a more ample and beautiful religious temple. White monuments and slabs and pine trees now cover the adjacent church-yard, while other acres have been incorporated into this City of the Dead.

Nearly all those who were the original advocates and patrons of the still-house became its final victims. Ramscroft and Cabery and Devore died as they lived. Yet some were saved, for the church, and civilization ; and temperance finally triumphed. And other churches sprang up all around where the flock is fed and healthy Sabbath-schools are the homes of the younger generation.

The most wonderful miracle of grace was Captain Hood, the famous drummer of the past. Having escaped the society of the Four Corners by removal to a distant state, for many years he redeemed lost hours by a consistent old age of Christian devotion.

But what of the old still-house itself? The traveler will now behold, where it stood, a well plowed field with not one vestige remaining of its foundations, nor of the swinecotes, the ox quarters or the shanties. The very mill-race is leveled under. And Sugar Creek, pure and sweet, flows laughing by, on its rippling way to the great Ohio and the ocean.